KEATSII HYPERIONIS
LIBRI I. II.
C. MERIVALE

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J. A. Hooper

From Lord Lyttelton

9 April. 1862

HYPERION.



KEATSII HYPERIONIS

LIBRI I. II.

LATINE REDDIDIT

CAROLUS MERIVALE.

MACMILLAN ET SOC.
CANTABRIGIÆ ET LONDINI
M DCCC LXII.

Cantabrigiæ
TYPIS ACADEMICIS EXCUDEBAT
C. J. CLAY, A.M.

C. MERIVALE VIRO CLARISSIMO

BARONI DE LYTTELTON

S.

Tibi, vir jucunde, utpote qui inter fautores meos Latine doctissimus, versificandi peritissimus sis, hic libellus mittitur. En tibi Gigantomachiæ Romano-Britannicæ opus fato dimidiatum! Habes duos priores Keatsii *Hyperionis* libros, Anglice scriptos, Latinis, ut spero, oribus accommodatos. Quæ autem libri tertii rudimenta auctor præmature exstinctus reliquit, alius fere argumenti videntur; eaque, quanquam multis veneribus repleta, adeo tamen imperfecta, et primæ manus festinationem testantia, ut quibus non amplius illaborandum putarem. Cum vero æquales nostros diu multumque admonui, ut in seriora Romani Imperii tempora velut in speculum inspicerent, hoc saltem experimento probare studui quantum nobilissimum hujus sæculi epos vergentis senii Latinitatem sapiat. Non Lucretii enim, ut quivis videat, neque Virgilii stylus hanc materiam tractanti successurus erat; sed Ovidiana quædam, si fas est, sive Statiana, sive Claudianea, aliave id genus cantilena, rebus, rhythmis, vocibus, sponte sua veniebat.

HYPERION.

HYPERION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sate grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass;
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
No farther than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,

HYPERIONIS

LIB. I.

Tristibus abjectus latebris in valle profundâ,
Qua non Auroræ flatus subiere salubres,
Non medii soles, non vesperis unica lampas,
Falcifer incanus sedit Deus, ipse quiescens
Ut lapis, ipse silens ut frondea lustra silebant.
Impositæ sylvis circumdant tempora sylvæ,
Nubibus ut nubes. Non aëris intremit ala,
Non animæ æstivi quantum sub luce diei
Haud unum plumante rapit leve semen ab herbâ.
Sed folia in terris qua defluxere jacebant.
Amnis ibi tacitus, sed jam taciturnior ibat,
Attonitus fatis diram fundentibus umbram
Numinis occasu; gelidumque arrecta labellis
Altius impressit digitum sub arundine Naias.
Hactenus, errando quantum processerat ipse,
Grandia pulvereo vestigia margine tendunt;
Et composta manent. En! segni in cespite dextram
Enervem exanimamque senis, sceptroque carentem;
Orbaque divino clauduntur lumina regno.
Demissumque caput Tellurem poscere visum,

His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
    It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful! if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching part
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear

Antiquam matrem, miseri solatia casus.
  Quæ modo vis tantæ labentem pondere curæ
Excitet? Accessit, Regemque decenter adorans
Immemorem, dorsum Dea contigit una suorum;
Splendida jam teneri mundi Dea, maxima cujus
Ad latus imbelles pumilos æquaret Amazon;
Quæ crine arrepti collum incurvaret Achillis,
Aut Ixionium digito suspenderet orbem.
Lata Deæ facies, Memphitide qualis in aulâ
Sphingis in immensi quandoque crepidine saxi,
Cum vetus Ægyptum coluit doctrina magistram.
Ah! quantum saxo facies diversa; venustas
Quanta Deæ, et formâ mœror formosior ipsâ!
Quis timor attentus vultu, velut aspera fata
Exantlata diu, nec adhuc absumpta trahentis!
Ceu prius omne malum, velitantis ut ala procellæ,
Jam rabiem explêsset; sed nimbis triste paratis
Fulminis extremum nisu succederet agmen.

  Mox unam quâ parte manum mortalibus ægris
Cor dolet imponens, illâ ceu Diva doleret;
Altera dum collum tangit senis; aure susurrat
Leniter adnixa, et mœstum cum murmure carmen

Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenour, and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these-like accents: O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king!
I have no comfort for thee, no, not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre past, and all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractis'd hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time, O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs,
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."
As when, upon a tranced summer-night,

Insinuat; quod sic hominum fas voce referre,
Vis ea parva licet, Superûmque profatibus impar.

Rex bone, tolle oculos; sed quam tibi monstro salutem?
Quod solamen erit? vel quæ mora facta dolori?
Non ego ferales incuso barbara somnos.
Namque tibi cælum eripitur; te magna jacentem
Nescit terra Deum; sonitu et maria alta verendo
Destituunt sceptrum; necnon tua maxima virtus,
Canaque majestas vanescit in æthere toto;
Perque domum lapsam, translati conscia juris,
Indignata jaci longe tua fulmina mussant.
Scilicet illa, rudi tironis subdita dextræ,
Urere jam, nostrique accendere regna sereni.
[*O miseræ luces, annosque æquantia puncta*
Temporis, ut fessam premitis labentia mentem,
Spirandique locus defit fera fata neganti!]
Sic, Saturne, jace: cur hanc ego voce quietem
Irrupi, et tristes tremefeci frivola somnos?
Tu, Saturne, jace; lacrymis ego crura rigabo.

Ut celsæ quercus, ubi nox æstate fatiscit,

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went: the while in tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.

One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady.

"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape

Magnorum nemorum viridi cum veste Senatus,
Brachia sopitæ superinclinantibus astris,
Dormitant, altumque rigent; nisi forte silentem
Æthera corripiens, planctu non amplius uno,
Spiritus exsuperet sensim, pereatque cadendo;
Sic veniunt, abeunt, divinæ murmura vocis.
At Dea procumbens lacrymis diffudit obortis
Grande capillitium, posuitque in pulvere frontem,
Mollia subjiciens Saturni stragula plantis.

Et jam nocte vices argentea Luna quaternas
Verterat: illi ambo fixâ statione manebant,
Ut nativa rigent laqueatis signa cavernis;
Ille obstipus humo, prona hæc, fletuque soluta.
Tandem marcentes oculos Saturnus ad auras
Sustulit, amissos et in æthere novit honores,
Funestumque locum, tenebrasque, ipsamque jacentem.
Tum fracti morbo gemitus, et balba loquela;
Barbaque populeæ ceu frons tremit horrida sylvæ.

O Thea, te dulcis conjux Hyperionis aurei,
Te necdum visam sensi tamen; at tua tollas
Ora precor, liceatque mihi mea cernere fata.
Suspice, et hanc acie tenuem scrutare figuram:

Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all god-like exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
Of all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. I am gone
Away from my own bosom; I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space; space starr'd, and lorn of light;
Space region'd with life-air, and barren void;
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.
Search, Thea, search! and tell me if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce, to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must, it must

Hæccine Saturni facies? En! excipe verba:
Hæccine Saturni vox est? hæcce aspera rugis
Frons nuda, et celsi pridem diadematis expers,
Eminet ut regalis apex? Cuinam hoccine juris
In mea regna datur? vis unde potentior exit?
Siccine fata manu tandem strinxisse putabam?
Vincimur! ipse meis adeo in conatibus angor,
Semisepulta dolens effeto numina nisu.
Nec jam equidem molli pallentia sidera motu,
Nec ventos æstusque cio; mortalia nec jam
Pensa libens recolo, aut pacem sincerus adoro.
Scilicet is Superis amor est, ea cœlipotentes
Cura juvat. Mea me studia, en! meque ipse reliqui;
Inter et amissas arces, terramque receptam,
Fluctuat id quod eram. Tu sedula quære profecto,
Æternosque oculos spatium circumfer in omne;
Quæ sata sideribus loca sunt, quæ lucis egena,
Aëre quod pollet vegeto, quod inane pigrumque est,
Flammarumque plagas, et totum Ditis hiatum.
Tu, Thea, quære Deum; et dic, si modo cernere possis
Umbram aliquam, Divi speciem florentis, an alis
Seu curru residens superas grassetur ad auras?

Be of ripe progress: Saturn must be king!
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children: I will give command.
Thea, Thea, Thea, where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus: "But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another Chaos? where?" That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel Three. Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
And thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe,
"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,

Venerit, imperiumque suum Saturnus habebit!
Venerit, et picto Victoria plaudet in auro!
Magna Deum, fas est, procumbent numina, clangent
Æra tubæ, festoque die pæanes, et hymnis
Aurea purpurei resonabit regia cœli.
Tum liquidæ fundi voces, argentea conchis
Stridere fila cavis; et res pulcræque novæque
Mollia cœlicolûm percellant corda jubebo.
Dic ubinam Saturnus abest, dic, sancta Dearum!

Hic furor excitum pedibus consurgere Regem
Fecit, et incassum lentos torquere lacertos.
Turbida canities sudat, cave febre coruscant
Lumina: jamque tacet; nec sic capit aure tremores,
Singultusque Theæ luctum sub corde prementis.
Mox iterum vocem citus arripit: *At mihi fas sit*
Congeriem formare novam, mundumque creare,
Rursus et hanc rerum superare et frangere summam.
En! aliud mihi redde Chaos. Chaos illud Olympum
Rupit, Tresque Deos percussit voce rebelles.
Spe confusa novâ dictum Thea rettulit amens:

Hoc est quod lapsos recreet; Saturne venito:

O Saturn, come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turned to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave, upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe.
The Titans fierce, self-hid or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sovereignty and rule and majesty.
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sate, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God, yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shudder'd he;
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of the passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant's nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright

Hinc abeas, comitesque tuos dux ipse juvato:
Nota mihi quæ lustra colunt; teque inde petebam.
Hæc paucis: tum paulum oculos obfixa procaces
Vadere Diva retro, donec sequeretur euntem;
Qua via per sylvam, ramis cedentibus ultro,
Ut cedunt aquilis suprema petentibus auræ.

Interea similes aliis in partibus iræ,
Ingentesque genis lacrymæ, mœrorque, metusque,
Nec scriptu facilis, nec dictu effabilis ulli.
Nam Jove Terrigenæ fusi, seu carcere rudunt,
Sive latent, abrupta gemunt Saturnia jura,
Et Domini vocem suspiravere dolentes.
Sed regnabat adhuc, solus de stirpe gigantum,
Fulgidus insistens Hyperion igne globato;
Gavisus titulis, atque aëra thuris odorans,
Quo genus humanum veneratur luciparentem;
Nec tamen intrepidus: nam quas mortalibus ægris
Horrida præcipiunt ferales omina curas,
Non alias toto persensit pectore Titan.
Non illum gemitusque canum, stridorque volucrum,
Et conclamato noti de corpore Manes
Terruerant, et nocturni præsagia lychni;
At Superûm auguria, et species pro Numine diræ,
Concussere Deum. Quoniam penetrale coruscum,

Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries:
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angerly; while sometimes eagles' wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass, and metal sick.
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease,
With stride colossal on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men,
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,

Aureâ pyramidum fultum strue, quo super umbram
Suscitat exilem squalens obeliscus in ære,
Sanguineum quassare jubar; thalamique, tholique,
Atria mille domus, et cincta cavædia flammis:
Omniaque Eois prætexta crepuscula portis
Inquinat ira rubens: aquilarum et cominus alis,
Semper inaspectum Dîs et mortalibus omen,
Jam locus umbrari, jam flare hinnitus equorum,
Non prius auditum Dîs et mortalibus omen.
Quinetiam thuris cum blanda volumina vellet
Adbibere, in sacris alte spirantia clivis,
Non dulces olim succos, sed tetra venena
Scilicet, et magno fremuit trahere æra palato.
Ille igitur, postquam tranquillæ limina noctis
Attigerat, pulcrumque diem subduxerat orbi;—
Ille alias spondâ componi suetus in altâ,
Et sancto melicas voces circumdare somno;—
Nunc, ut erat, resides ultro spatiatus in horas,
Ampla pedum toto posuit vestigia templo.
At procul aligeri claustris, perque arcta domorum
Condere se famuli, et confertas cogere turbas,
Attoniti, plenique metu; nec secius horrent
Agmina anhela virûm latis coëuntia campis,
Cum tellus tremit, et celsis quatit oppida muris.

Jamque, ubi Saturnus, gelido torpore solutus,
Per sylvam urgebat Divæ latus, ipse relictis

Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west:
Then, as was wont, his palace-doors flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes
Blown by the serious Zephyrs gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies:
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and inwreathed light,
And diamond-paved, lustrous, long arcades,
Until he reached the great main cupola.
There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarr'd his own golden region: and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
O monstrous forms, O effigies of pain!

Post tergum tenebris Hyperionis igneus ardor
Perculit occiduum non recto sidere limen.
Ut solitum, lævi dissultant cardine valvæ:
Cuncta silent, nisi quos animâ modulante severi
Inflavere tubos Zephyri, tenerumque per auras
Ingeminat melos, et longo loca murmure complet.
Illa rosæ similis formâ miniique rubore,
Dulcibus et ventis, et frigore porta recenti,
Explicuit florem; Dominoque effusa patebat,
Jamjam ingressuro sancti penetralia fastus.

At Deus ingrediens animosâ efferbuit irâ:
Flagrat pone fluens a calcibus incita vestis
Mugitu, qualem terrenus concipit ignis;
Quo mites fugere Horæ, plumisque palumbes
Contremuere Deæ. Ruit ille ardetque ruendo,
Sublimes rapiens aulas, thalamosque pererrans;
Quaque intexta vagas fragrant laquearia luces,
Quaque jacent variis sola longa nitentia crustis.
Sic medias adiit celsæ testudinis ædes:
Substitit hic, pepulitque pedem, quâ funditus omnis
Vi vibrat Labyrinthus, et aurea regna resultant.
Nec prius iste sonor periit, quam frena prementis
Depulit, exsiluitque Dei vox talis ab ore.

Quæ mihi sæva die, quæ somnia cognita nocte,
Quam diræ facies, fetæque doloribus umbræ!

O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
O lank-ear'd phantoms of black-weeded pools!
Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught,
To see and to behold these horrors new?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes
Of all my lucent Empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendour, and the symmetry,
I cannot see, but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult and blind, and stifle up my pomp.
Fall! no, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant Thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again."
He spake and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat, but came not forth:
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"

Et colluctantes gelidâ in caligine larvæ,
Auribus et macris ulvæ simulacra palustris!
Heu! quianam vidi, quianam hæc præsagia novi?
Ecquid ego, immenso vitæ vigor igneus actu,
Rimor inassuetas species, adigorque tueri?
Saturnus pridem cecidit; nunc ipse jacebo?
Hæcce abolenda quies? hæc incunabula nostri
Numinis, et luxus? hic illustrissimus äer?
Ductaque crystallo conopia, puraque fana
Lucentis regni? quod nunc marcentibus auris
Desertum vacuumque jacet, mea nulla voluptas;
Nec jubar hoc, lautumque diem, formæque decorem,
Sed tenebras cerno, mortem tenebrasque pavesco.
Scilicet his Umbræ thalamis, hoc regna capessunt
Limine, et exstinguunt fastus, et inania rident
Gaudia, meque meis etiam in penetralibus angunt!
Hæcce feram? jaceamne? per O tua numina juro,
Omniparens Tellus, salsâ circumflua veste!
Ipse meos fines superans et flammea claustra,
Terribilem hanc dextram puero, proh fata! Tonanti
Intendam, vetulumque suâ mox arce reponam!

Dixit et obticuit, volvens graviora minarum
Murmura, et in clauso nitentes gutture questus.
Namque, ut clamosis hominum quandoque theatris
Æstuat increpitum vulgus, turbæque resistunt;

So at Hyperion's words the phantoms pale
Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirror'd level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular,
Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
With over-strained might. Releas'd he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet-orb of fire whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold and hid;
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith; hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:

Sic Ducis ad voces agitari pallida crudo
Spectra gelu; nitidâque soli in compage vapores
Surgere, ceu fœdis efflata paludibus aura.
Tum sensim a pedibus totos sacer horror in artus
Diditur, ut lentis irrepens flexibus anguis
Colla caputque teres nimio luctamine torquet.
Mox vincla exutus portas invasit Eoas.
Illic, ante dies quam tempestiva juberet,
Senas præripiens horas, fervente soporas
Impulit ipse fores animâ, nimbisque fugatis
Protinus ad gelidos patefecit Tethyos amnes.

Flammigerum sed enim, quo se Deus invehit astrum
Mane recens, currum metâ molitus utrâque,
Vertitur occlusum nebulis. Nec semper in atrâ
Nube latet; jam jamque micat: sic candidus axis
Interdum, atque arcus, et lati zona coluri
Perlucent, tenebrisque tenerrima fulgura toto
Inscripsere polo. Nec inobservata vetusti
Signa Deûm stupuere patres, Chaldæaque raptim
Defixit placidâ sapientiâ pervigil arce.
Sic quæsita diu species apparuit orbis:

Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone or marble swart; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. Two wings this orb
Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach:
And now from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne,
And bid the day begin, if but for change.
He might not; no, though a primeval God:
The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
Therefore the operations of the dawn
Stay'd in their birth, even as here it is told.
Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
And the bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time:
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
There, as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice

Mox periere notæ; nisi si quæ enormibus olim
Relliquiis lapidum deprensæ, et marmore fusco;
Mens quibus interiit, nec quid docuere repertum est.
Ille globus geminas argentei luminis alas,
Grande decus, Domini adventu jactare solebat;
Quæ nunc e tenebris, magnarum horrore comarum,
Sensim ostenduntur, dum fulgentissimus orbis
Nube laborat adhuc, vocemque exspectat herilem.
Vellet et ipse Deus signum dare, vellet in alto
Sistere jam solio, si quâ vice tædia rumpat,
Cessantemque ciere diem; sed fata vetabant
Quamvis de Superûm primævo semine cretum;
Nec tempestates sacras fas vertere cuiquam.
Quare etiam, ut dictum est, numeris stata tempora plenis
Pertulit, et nasci lux imperfecta negavit.
Interea plausu pennæ gestire gemellæ
Æthere ferre globum. Tum latis ostia portis
Noctis ad imperium furvæ panduntur. At ille,
Insuetus flecti, vi nunc inflexus iniquâ,
Compositum mœstis animum ad præsentia finxit.
Sic procul extremis tenebrarum et lucis in oris
Porrectus diro nimborum limite repsit,
Imbelles stillans radios: Polus omnibus astris
Despexit miserans, dum mundi Cælus ab arce

Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
"O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
And sky-engender'd, Son of mysteries
All unrevealed even to the Powers
Which met at thy creating! at whose joys
And palpitations sweet and pleasures soft,
I Cœlus wonder how they came and whence;
And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
Distinct and visible; symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal space;
Of these new-form'd art thou, O brightest child!
Of these thy brethren and the goddesses.
There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;

Increpitat, tenues et succinit ore querelas.

O nimium dilecte patri, flos ille meorum,
Conceptus terræ, satio clarissima cœli,
Arcani genitura sacri, quod nempe neque ipsi
Norunt, conjugio qui te finxere, Potentes;
Quorum egomet dulces æstus, et gaudia blanda
Attonitus reputo; quâ sint ab origine mirans;
Quale puerperium; quæ mox sub luce figuræ
Prodierint:—nosco tandem immortalia signa;
Nosco equidem hæc pulcræ cæca exemplaria vitæ,
Ipsa per æternum reparando dissita mundum:—
Hinc genus, O formose, tuum est; hinc numina nostri,
Dîque, Deæque poli. Quæ vos discordia vexat?
Quæ natis odia ista patrum? Vidi ipse cadentem
Primigenum, summo detrusum vertice vidi:
Ad me diffudit sua brachia turbidus, ad me
Invenere viam media inter fulmina voces.
Expallescebam scelus, et sub nube refugi.
An par intendit tibi sors quoque? jam metus anceps;
Nam neque Dîs similes vidi facere omnia natos.
At vos divinum semen, divinaque vobis
Proderat augustos instincta potentia mores,
Mœstitiamque Deûm, majestatemque repostam.
Nunc vestros animos timor et spes urget, et iræ;

Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them in the mortal world beneath,
In men who die. This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God,
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence. I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides;
No more than winds and tides can I avail:
But thou canst. Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur. To the Earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."

Ere half this region-whisper had come down
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide,
And still they were the same bright patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

Fervet opus: nunc cura pati, nunc ardor agendi:
Qui nempe in terris homines, mortalia corda,
Tangit habetque labor. Quod denique conqueror hoc est;
Hæc cladis mihi signa, metus, subitæque ruinæ.
Tu luctare tamen: nam tu procedere contra,
Bellarique potes, manifestum Numen, in omni
Æthere; tu præsens horam infregisse malignam.
Ast ego vox solum: mea vis, ut ventus et æstus,
Fluctuat huc illuc, nec vento major et æstu.
Tu majora potes: tu tristia præripe fata,
Adductæque aciem pernix age prende sagittæ.
I pete tu terram, quâ nunc Saturnus oberrat
Multa gemens. Mihi sit clari custodia solis
Interea, blandeque fovens tua tempora sistam.

Vix bene cæligeni devenerat aura susurri,
Sustulit os Titan, oculosque tetendit in astra
Intrepidus, dum verba crepant; etiamque tetendit,
Astra tuens, placidi durantia lumina mundi.
Tum lati sensim curvans sinuamina dorsi,
Qualis gemmiferas pelagi scrutator ad undas,
Vergitur in præceps: sic litore lapsus aprico
In caligantem surdo ruit impete noctem.

HYPERION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gain'd with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruis'd Titans mourn'd.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem'd
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones hard flint they sate upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborn'd with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chain'd in torture, and some wandering.
Cæus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyrion,

HYPERIONIS

LIB. II.

Non alio alarum fugitivi Temporis ictu
Sic leviter motis Hyperion incidit auris,
Saturnusque, Theæ ductu, loca tristia venit,
Qua cum contusis doluit Titanibus exspes
Magna Deûm Genetrix. Illo lux nulla sub antro
Insultat lacrymis; gemitus sentire videntur,
Non audire suos; tanto stridore refusi
Intonuere amnes, et præcipites cataractæ,
Non aspectarum jaculantes pondus aquarum.
Rupibus hic rupes, et acutis obvia saxis
Saxa, velut longo jam tum surgentia somno,
Frontibus adversis immania cornua tendunt;
Atque ita terrificis monstrorum mille figuris
Obducunt digno tetra hæc cunabula tecto.
Pro soliis miseri silicem insedere, torosque
Muricibus structos, ferroque adamanta ligatum.
Non omnes aderant: alios fera vincla tenebant,
Diffugere alii: sed anhelis faucibus illic
Cum Cæo Antæus, Briareusque, audaxque Typhoëus,

With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeon'd in opaque element to keep
Their clenched teeth still clench'd, and all their limbs
Lock'd up in veins of metal, cramp'd and screw'd;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convuls'd
With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;
Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered;
And many else were free to roam abroad;
But for the main here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
In dull November, and their chancel-vault,
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp
A serpent's plashy neck; its barbed tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl'd length

Porphyrionque, Gyasque, et quorum acerrima virtus,
Volvebant dirum compressis aëra labris.
Illic et crassâ rerum compage coacti
Obfirmant dentes, et mollia membra rigescunt,
Constrictæ ut duro riguerunt marmore massæ:
Nec motus nisi cordis erat, quod semper iniquus
Contorquere labor, tumidusque impellere sanguis.
Mnemosyne terris errabat, et aurea longe
Palabunda suo Phœbe discesserat orbe;
Atque aliis præsumpta fugæ via; dira sed ambit
Hoc plerosque cavo feralibus umbra latebris.
Vix vivæ effigies rari vastique jacebant
In latus; ut tristi juga per deserta coronâ
Saxa jacent Druidûm, cum conditur imbre Novembris
Mœsta dies, spissique super laquearia cæli
Totâ nocte latent: sic intermortuus omnis
Spemque metumque suis reticet, fruiturque sepulcro.

In numero jacuit Creüs, cui pondera ferri
Clava manum subeuns, et rupis costa revulsæ,
Vim testata Dei, rabiemque in fine furentis.
Nec minor Iapetus digitis undosa draconis
Colla tenet; bifidæ compresso gutture linguæ
Tela jacent, tractuque ingens extenditur anguis

Dead; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus: prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons:
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes
By Oxus, or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.
Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelf,
Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild,
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delay'd, that scared the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.

Mortuus; idque Jovem quod nullo afflare veneno
Bestia, victoresque oculos exstinguere posset.
Proximus huic Cottus, qui strato corpore mentum
Erigit; ipse dolor saxis illidere calvam
Fecit, et ora fero torquere et lumina nisu.
En! Asiam, Imai sobolem, quæ maxima matrem
Tellurem partu plusquam mare femina fregit.
Illi autem fusco species meditantis in ore,
Non mœrentis erat; quæ nempe instantia fata,
Et jam promissos secum volvebat honores.
Magnæ mentis opus palmis florentia templa,
Fanaque per populos pollentibus æmula sacris
Præsagire animo; seu quæ celer alluit Oxus,
Aut lustrata Deis sancto capit insula Gange.
Ut Spes, candidior licet hæc, innititur unco,
Sic Asiæ submisit ebur latissima regni
Bellua. Jamque super, tabulato rupis in arcto,
Enceladus, cubito suspensus, cætera pronus,
Visus adumbrari; quo non bos mitior ante,
Pastus in herbosis nullo irritamine campis;
Nunc rabie tigrim spirans, animoque leonem,
Dira minans meditansque, etiam tum mente tremendos
Jactabat montes, belli instrumenta futuri.
Namque erat in fatis, breve tempus, et altera bella
Surgere, quæ juvenes agitent toto æthere Divos,
Ut latuisse velint formis volucrum atque ferarum.

Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbour'd close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobb'd Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else, whose names may not be told.
For when the Muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chant
Of Saturn and his guide, who now had climb'd
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appear'd, and up their stature grew,
Till on the level height their steps found ease.
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fixed her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain; for Fate
Had pour'd a mortal oil upon his head,
A disanointing poison: so that Thea,

Huic vicinus Atlas, laterique acclinis Atlantis
Phorcus, Gorgoneæ turbæ pater; Oceanusque,
Undarum dominus quondam, et cum conjuge Tethys;
In cujus gremio singultiit inter opacas
Fusa comas Clymene; medium Themis ipsa tenebat,
Reginæque pedes servabat in aëre septæ:
Hæc autem obtutus evanida fallit, ut atra
Nox ubi confundit summas caligine pinus.
Atque alii, quorum stat nomina magna tacere:
Nam, cum Musa suas expandit ad æthera pennas,
Ecquis iter sistat? Juvat ire, et plangere cantu
Cum duce Saturnum, qui nunc per lubrica lapsi
Horridiore procul fundo evasere, caputque
Ostendere super nigrantis culmina clivi;
Tum sursum evecti crevere, ingentia donec
Inveniunt summo vestigia monte levamen.

At Thea non firmos dextrâ lævâque lacertos
Sede super luctus extremâ in caute tetendit;
Et vultum senis obliquis defixit ocellis.
Bellum illic rabiesque; Deûm nam maximus ipse
Ærumnæ dirimens studia imbecilla resistit,
Irarumque metusque; et quos vindicta furores,
Livoresque mali, desideriumque minatur;
Et quæ spes rapit arma; et desperata retractat.
Pugnat et his frustra; namque exitiabile fatum
Imperiale caput vitiaverat unguine diro.

Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.
As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd; all bow'd with reverence:
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eyebrows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals, when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines;
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,

Quare fracta metu Thea substitit, atque negavit
Ire prior, cessitque loco, dominumque secuta est
Incedentem ultra dejectæ gentis in antro.
  Utque homines inter curis cor fervet onustum
Tum magis, ægrorum thalamis si forte propinquent,
Qua confusa pari languescunt vulnere corda;
Haud aliter mœsto se miscens agmine ductor
Languit, inque illâ resolutus strage labasset,
Ni torvo Enceladus fixisset lumine: cujus
Majestas, tantique ducis reverentia, mentem
Perculit attonitam: jamque ingemit, *Ecce! Gigantes,*
Ecce Deum! Tum pars mœsto fremere improba questu,
Pars sursum exsultare, atque exclamare furentes;
Hi lacrymant, plangunt illi, venerantur at omnes.
At Regina nigri tollens velamina pepli
Pallentesque genas, rugasque in fronte retexit,
Tenue supercilium prodens, oculosque cavatos.
  Sunt montanorum fera murmura pinetorum,
Cum vocem contendit hyems; sunt et sua Divis
Sibila, cum digito Deus admonet indice quantum
Mentis inexpressæ molitur gutture pondus,
Quod melos, et fastus, orisque tonitrua nectit:
Talia montanis sua murmura sunt pinetis;
Quæ cum clivosis cessere reciproca terris,
Non alii subeunt strepitus; sed flebilis echo

Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up, like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the dinn'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up: "Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book,
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom;
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool:—ah, infirm!
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air or fire,—
At war, or peace, or inter-quarrelling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud-warring, when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world;—not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:—
No, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,

Inter delapsam siluit cùm stridula gentem,
Tum vox Saturni late succrescere, quales
Organon ingeminat numeros, aliosque sonores
Excipit, et teneris quassum rapit aëra chordis.
Sic ea succrevit: *Non ipso in pectore mœsto,*
Quod judex sibi nempe suus, quæsitor et idem,
Argumenta malis contemplor idonea nostris.
Non qui primarum relego præscripta dierum,
Arcanis adeuns intexta volumina fatis;
Pollice quæ nitido tenebrarum stellifer oris
Uranus eripuit, cum decrescentibus undis
Obruit alta vadis reflui caligo profundi:—
Illum nempe librum, scitis, subsellia nostris
Subjeci pedibus, firmi fulcimina regni;
Heu! infirma nimis.—Non illis versibus, inquam,
Non ego signa tuens portentaque maxima rerum,
Aëris, ignis, aquæ, terræque exordia lustrans:—
Seu bellum pacemve gerant, vicibusque repugnent;
Seu quodque adversum furiis internecet hostem,
Binaque concurrant binis, aut singula ternis;
Ignis ut aëre certat, eos dum turbidus imber
Ambos mergat, et ad terræ latus applicet una,
Sulfure qua tacto quadruplex ira misellum
Cardine convellat mundum:—non motibus illis,
Queîs miram adsumo doctrinam, alteque requiro,
Tam miseræ sortis rationem extundere possum.

And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might? Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!
O Titans, shall I say 'Arise!'—Ye groan:
Shall I say 'Crouch!'—Ye groan. What can I then?
O Heaven wide! O unseen parent dear!
What can I? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war, how engine our great wrath?
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hunger'd. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep; and in thy face
I see, astonied, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing: give us help!"
    So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose with locks not oozy, and began
In murmurs which his first endeavouring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
    "O ye whom wrath consumes! who passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,

Heu! quianam frustra naturæ exempla retexo,
Usque ad deliquium invigilans? nec discere quivi
Cur vos, numina magna, Deûm vos corpora prima,
Vim tremitis vestrâ non præ virtute tremendam.
Vos tamen hic agitis, fusique quiescitis antro;
Hic agitis, Titanes! An, O consurgite! dicam?
Vos gemitis: dicamne, O gens ignava jacete!
Ingemitis. Quid dicam adeo? Te nobile Cœli
Numen, et ipse parens, non visu cognite, posco,
Quid dicam? vosque O cognati dicite Divi,
Quo pugnare modo, quæ proderit arma movere:
Nunc date consilium, nam principis esurit auris.
Tu tamen ante omnes; nam tu summa, imaque rerum,
Oceane, expendis, vultuque expressa sereno,
Quod magis admiror, requies te sancta recepit,
Quam doctrina sagax et mentis cura paravit:
Tu succurre precor! Sic finis facta querelæ est.

At maris ille Deus, sapiens fandique peritus,
Cui non Cecropiæ formarunt pectora sylvæ,
Sed fontes, udoque sali meditamina fundo,
Surrexit siccis, algæ sine fronde, capillis;
Murmura producens quæ, vocum ut sedulus infans,
Repperit audito spumati litoris ictu.

Vos O! quos angit rabies, et vulnere diro
Contorquet clades, et pasta doloribus ira,
Claudite jam sensus, auresque obtundite vestras,

My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law, not force
Of thunder or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the king,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wander'd to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From Chaos and primeval Darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it Light, and Light engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.

Spiritus hic istos non follibus efferet ignes.
Exaudite tamen, si quis vult noscere legem
Supplicii, ut quemvis flecti et parere necesse est;
Sic non vana dabo veris solatia dictis.
Naturæ imperio ruimus, non fulminis irâ,
Non Jovis. At, Saturne, tibi sunt cognita rerum
Fœdera, sunt elementa: hæc te via sola fefellit,
Quæ me perspicuos veri deduxit ad ortus;
Nempe quod ipse regis: cæcat fortuna regentes,
Majestasque suâ præstringitur aurea luce.
Continuo, quoniam non est tua prima potestas,
Sic neque per terras erit ultima; non ita fas est:
Tu neque principium mundi, neque summa, creandi.
At Chaos et priscæ Lucem genuere Tenebræ,
Primitias rixarum, intestinique laboris,
Qui secum occulto maturescebat in ævo,
Miræ finis opus! Subiit maturior hora,
Attulit et Lucem, quæ mox compressa parente
Vivifico totam concussit numine molem.
Tempore non alio nostræ primordia vitæ
Omniparens Cœlusque apparuit, almaque Tellus;
Tu quoque primigenus, nos et fetura gigantum,
Sponte novas sedes, pulcrumque capessimus orbem.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain:
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
This is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape, compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal, and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign

Nunc subit iste dolor, si verum audire dolori est:
O stulti! quoniam vera omnia corde fovere,
Eventusque pati, et vultu perferre sereno,
Hoc decus imperii summum est. Advertite, Divi!
Cœlus ut et Tellus formâ Chaos atque Tenebras
Exsuperant, quondam reges; utque agmina nostra
Tellurem Cœlumque novâ compagine vincunt,
Mente manuque citâ, consortis et ordine vitæ,
Et mille indiciis melior natura probatur;
Sic et nostra recens Species vestigia pressat
Moribus et formâ præstantior, hos ea fatis
Vincere certa Deos, ut nos quoque vicimus illos.
Nec magis obruimur, quam per nos obruta cessat
Informis mixtura Chaos. Num languida gleba
Dissidet arboribus, quas extulit ipsa, superbis,
Principiumque negat viridis laudabile sylvæ?
Oderit aërias aut invida sylva palumbes,
Murmura quod miscent, niveisque sub æthere pennis
Quo voluere volant, nativaque gaudia quærunt?
Nos sylvæ decus illud, et hæc quæ tendimus alte
Brachia pallentes non confovere palumbes,
Auricomas sed, credo, aquilas; quæ corpore pulcro
Corporibus præstant nostris, et jure decoris

In right thereof: for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn, as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through posed conviction or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene:
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:

"O Father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,

Nunc regimen rapiunt: ea lex æterna regendi est,
Qui formâ superant, superent et viribus iîdem.
Illâ lege aliud poterit fortasse Deorum
Pellere victores, ut nos jam pellimur, augmen.
Dicite io! juvenemne Deum vidistis aquarum?
Arcis ademptoremne meæ? vidistis et ora,
Et currum alitibus bijugis, quos fecit, ovantem?
Ipse serenatum verrentem molliter æquor
Aspexi; lætamque adeo vim fronte notavi,
Ut visu titulos ejuratumque remisi
Protinus imperium: jamque hæc ad limina veni,
Ut nôssem quæ vos agitent crudelia fata,
Qualiacunque ferens miseri solatia luctus.
Sumite quod verum est, sit et hæc medicina dolori.

Continuo, sive hoc animus contemptor et ira,
Seu perplexa fides, vocem tenuere parumper.
Una tamen, nulli quam respexere suorum,
Ausa loqui Clymene; nec dum argumenta referre,
Sed tenui stridore queri: quæ torrida febre
Labra movens, timidoque attollens lumina vultu,
Lenta feros inter stillavit verba tacentes.

Magne pater, cunctarum egomet vanissima vocum;
Nec novi nisi quod perierunt omnia læta,

And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear.
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was braethed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness and trees and flowers.
Full of calm joys it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sate me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind,
That did both drown and keep alive mine ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd

Et nova res nostris irrepsit mentibus angor,
Qui vereor regno ne semper restet in illo.
At non infaustos accingerer edere questus,
O Superi, magnas si verba infirma putarem
Sistere posse manus: tantum sinite aure quod hausi
Dicere, quæque mihi lacrymas audita movebant,
Ut spes damnarem nostras, consultaque vana.
Stabam forte procul jucundi in litoris orâ,
Suavis ubi ventus nubem spargebat odoram
Floribus, ambrosiæque vagâ dulcedine sylvæ,
Gaudia blanda ferens, mœstæ contraria menti;
O quam blanda nimis, mollique calentia flammâ!
Non tulit ipse dolor: tum litora sola disertis
Luctibus, et nostrâ volui vexare querelâ;
Jamque solo recubans labiosam sumere concham,
Et mussare premens, melos et solenne ciere.
Non posthâc melos illud erit; nam debile testæ
Murmur, et arte rudes modulor dum languida questus,
Litore ab adverso, qua prænitet insula ponti,
Ecce! venit magicus, flabro variante, susurrus,
[*Qui simul elisas mersat, simul arrigit aures.*]
Turbida projeci concham, quam fluctus abundans,
Ut sensus animi vox intellecta, replevit,

With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl-beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove, leaving its olive-perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!'
'The morning bright Apollo!' 'young Apollo!'
I fled; it follow'd me, and cried, 'Apollo!'
O Father and O Brethren, had ye felt
Those pains of mine! O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard."
　　So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That lingering along a pebbled coast
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves

Aurea, fortunata, Deis non ante reperta.
Omnibus inque soni scatebris mors viva resedit,
Omnibus in numeris inter se rite jugatis,
Abruptis properisque, simul sensimque profusis,
Ut filo lapsæ defectu præpete baccæ.
Tunc, ut oliviferâ decedunt fronde palumbes,
Sic alius sonus atque alius se librat in auras,
Pro tacitâ plumâ numerorum concitus alis;
Et circumvolitat caput, et mea pectora lassat
Lætitiâ luctuque simul. Superabat ibidem
Luctus, et attonitas claudebam fortius aures;
Cum tenuis rumpens trepida obluctamina palmæ,
Blandior, ah! quantum numeris vox blandior ullis,
Venit, Apollo! *repens,* Puer, *et clamavit,* Apollo!
Lucis Apollo decus! Puer O, *clamavit,* Apollo!
Effugi; tamen illa sequens iteravit, Apollo!
O pater, O fratres, vos hunc reputate dolorem!
Tu reputa, Saturne! Sed O! si forte tulisses,
Non tibi laxa nimis foret hæc querimonia tandem
Visa, nec audacem velles perstringere linguam!

Hâc delapsa tenus Clymenes vox effluit, amnis
Ut trepidus, qui saxifragam legit æquoris oram,
Et cunctatur aquis, metuitque occurrere ponto:
Ipsa sed occurrit, tactisque exhorruit undis.
Bellipotentis enim vehemens absorbuit æstus
Enceladi; tanto ceciderunt pondere verba,

In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He leant not rising from supreme contempt.
"Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham monarch of the waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What! have I roused
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide-glaring for revenge."—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
"Now ye are flames, I'll tell you how to burn,
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in his tent.

Ut tumidi fluctus brevia in scruposa ruentes
Semireferta salo plangunt cava saxa sonanti.
Sustulit ora ferox, cubito tamen usque resedit,
Indignatus humo Titania vellere membra.

Jamne placet nimium sapienti credere Divûm,
An nimium stultæ, Superi? Non ignea sic me
Fulmina fulminibus torquerent addita, donec
Omnia deficerent Jovis armamenta rebellis;
Non scopuli ingesti scopulis, non orbibus orbes,
Prorsus ut infantes regnorum in clade loquelæ!
Tollite clamores, ululatus edite cuncti,
Rudite, Terrigenæ, tardum pecus, impia passi
Verbera,—nec meministis enim?—flagrisque recisi!
Nonne hæc impressit puerilis vulnera victor?
Tune, Deus simulate maris, freta fervida flammis
Mente tenes memori? Num hæc tenuia verba loquendo
Exstimulare iras potui? proh gaudia! nec dum
Omnia perdidimus: proh gaudia! namque tuentûm
Mille micant oculi, tædisque ultricibus ardent.

Hæc dicens totos erexit maximus artus,
Non intermissas prorumpens pectore voces.

En, furor! en, ignes! nunc vos ardere docebo,
Æthera corripere, atque hostes detergere at omni
Parte poli; flammarum et spicula pascere curva
In furias, tumidosque novi comburere nimbos
Regis, et in castris vim suffocare pusillam.

O let him feel the evil he hath done:
For, though I scorn Oceanus's lore,
Much pain have I for more than loss of realms:
The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled;
Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
When all the fair Existences of heaven
Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak:—
That was before our brows were taught to frown,
Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds;
That was before we knew the winged thing,
Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced.—
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel,
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,

Scilicet ille, malum qui fecit, perferet idem.
At, licet Oceani me non pia fabula movit,
Multa tamen doleo, et plusquam mea regna requiro.
Pacis enim fugere dies, et tempora somni,
Tempora ferventis jamdudum nescia pugnæ;
Omnis ubi Superûm veniebat candida pubes
Quæsitum patulis quidnam loqueremur ocellis.
Nondum contractæ glomerabant nubila frontis,
Mollibus aut labris voces hæsere profanæ;
Nec quis adhuc nôrat, regni securus et ævi,
Quam non certa leves Victoria ventilet alas!
Sed durate animis; nam fratrum acerrimus ille
Nondum sidereos Hyperion perdidit axes:
En! Hyperionius jam gliscit limine fulgor.

Enceladum cuncti suspectavere loquentem.
Tum quoque, dum tanti nomen ducis ore resultans
Ardua Tartarei laquearia contigit antri,
Viderunt ipso jubar impallescere vultu.
Torva quidem facies, nec dum effera; namque furentes
Repperit ipse furens. Cunctorum in fronte micabat
Lucis imago novæ; sed clarius ora nitebant
Saturni, cujus crines in vertice cani
Fulserunt, ut spuma citæ suffusa carinæ,
Atrâ nocte sinum penetrat cum prora reductum.
Sic illi argenteum taciti pallere colorem;
Donec ibi splendor subitus, ceu mane corusco,

Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,

Pervasit clivos saxis pendentibus omnes,
Et contristatæ nebulis spatia omnia Lethes,
Insinuans, rimasque omnes, veteresque recessus;
Summa simul tangens atque ima; expertia vocum,
Raucaque contortæ claris mugitibus undæ.
Nec non æterni fluviorum a culmine lapsus,
Torrentesque procul cursus, et spumea juxta
Prælia, cæca prius, vastisque obducta tenebris,
Nunc videre diem, et visu fecere tremendam.

Ipse Deus jubar illud erat, qui vertice rupis
Constitit in radiis, deprensum luce moratus
Cerneret ut luctum, jam cognita fata perosum.
Aurea cæsaries illi, crispata capillos,
Quo Numidûm gens more comat; tum regia formæ
Majestas mediâ fulgorem intercipit umbrâ;
Memnonis ut moles occasu Solis, eunti
Obvia, fuscantes qui pone avertitur ortus.
Quin et magnanimo suspiria pectore duxit,
Memnoniæ ceu mœsta lyræ, junctisque revolvit
Multa tacens manibus. Quem cum videre tacentem,
Ceu spe dejectum Superi, nec bella parantem,
Desperant iterum, vultusque a luce recondunt.
At trux Enceladus rutilos conjecit ocellos
In gentem consanguineam; quo fulgure tandem

Uprose Iapetus and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he tower'd on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name:
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, "Saturn!"
Saturn sate near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

Iapetusque, et Creüs, et editus æquore Phorcus,
Surrexere simul; simul ardua regis adibant
Enceladi; simul hi *Saturnum* voce quaternâ
Ingeminant; *Saturnum* Hyperion rupe reclamat.
Falcifer ad Magnæ Matris latus ipse sedebat;
Gaudia quæ vultu renuit, quanquam ocyus omnes
Insonuere cavo *Saturnum* gutture Divi.